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From an English Work.  
**HISTORY OF THE CHURCH,  
From the Death of Justinian to that of Charlemagne.**  
567 to 814.

1. The External fortunes of Christianity—its Restoration in England by St. Augustine—its progress in Germany—among the Tartars—its reverse—Mahomet and his successors—their conquests in Asia—in Egypt—facilitated by Christian dissensions—in Africa—Carthage—in Spain—in France—their defeat by Charles Martel—Treatment of Christian subjects by the Saracens—Charlemagne—forcible conversion of the Saxons and Pannonians.

CHRISTIANITY had obtained early and perhaps general reception in Britain, when it was suddenly swept away, with the language itself, by the invasion of the Anglo-Saxons in 432, and almost entirely obliterated. Towards the end of the sixth century some circumstances occurred favorable to its restoration. Ethelbert, King of Kent, the most considerable of the Anglo-Saxon princes, married Bertha, daughter of the King of Paris, a Christian. Some clergy appear to have followed her to England, and to have softened the pagan prejudices of the King. Gregory the Great, who was then Bishop of Rome, availed himself of this circumstance, and in the year 596, he sent over forty Benedictine monks, under the conduct of Augustine (commonly called St. Austin), prior of a monastery of that order. The King was converted, and most of the inhabitants of Kent followed his example; the missionary then received episcopal ordination from the primate of Aries, and was invested, as Archbishop of Canterbury, with power over the British Church. The religion, thus established, spread with great rapidity; and other Anglo-Saxon Kings embraced the faith of Augustine and Ethelbert; and it was very generally propagated throughout the whole island before the conclusion of the seventh century.

The miraculous assistance by which this letter was accomplished is acknowledged in a story, which is related by the Pope himself. It is a story, however, of great antiquity, and which, though it is a great miracle among that people; but let us remember that, when the disciples said with joy to their divine master, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name," he answered them—"Rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." While God thus employs your agency without reward, my dear brother, to judge your self severely within, and to know well what you are. If you have often led God in word or deed, preserve those offices in your thoughts, to represent the vain glory of your heart, and consider, that the gift of miracles is not granted to you for yourself, but for those whose salvation you are laboring to procure." An increased acquaintance with the character of Gregory, which we shall presently acquire, will diminish the weight of many in fact will be strongly predisposed to doubt, from the circumstance, that the apostle of England was never supernaturally gifted with any knowledge of the language of the country, but was obliged, in addressing the people, to avail himself of the imperfect service of an interpreter. But (little as those stories may be entitled to credit) it is certain, that God vouchsafed one heavenly blessing on the mission of St. Austin, though displayed in a manner less popular with Roman Catholic historians—the work of conversion was accomplished without violence or compulsion; the sword of the spirit was found sufficient for the holy purpose, and the ruins of our Saxon idolatry were not stained by the blood of one martyr.

It is not pretended, that the religion thus hastily introduced was a pure form of Christianity, or even that it differed very widely, in its first appearance, or operation, from the superstition which it succeeded. There even exists an Epistle from Gregory in which he permits the ceremonies of the former worship to be associated with the profession of the Gospel; nor is it possible, even for the most perfect law at once to change the habits and correct the morals of a savage people. But the consent of history assures us, that during the century following, the nation gradually emerged from the rudest barbarism into a condition of comparative civilization, and that the principles and motives of Christianity extended their salutary influence over the succeeding generations.  
Many historians affirm, that St. Austin neglected the lessons of humility which he had received from his master, and proceeded to assert with great insolence the spiritual supremacy of Rome, not only over his own converts, but also over that faithful portion who still maintained among the Cambrian mountains the doctrine and practice transmitted from their forefathers. It appears indeed that those simple believers having been long severed from the body of Christendom, ignorantly preserved the original oriental rite in the celebration of Easter, which had been so long proclaimed schismatic; they were still involved in the error of the Quartodecimans; and they continued to persevere both in that and in the rejection of papal authority, even after they had been enlightened by the exhortations of St. Austin. It is recorded, and is probable, that they were deterred by the impious conduct of that prelate from uniting with his Church; and thus far we need not hesitate to condemn him; but some more serious charges which have been brought against him stand on very slight foundation.\*

\* Jurin (Eccl. Hist. vol. iv., p. 417) says, "The Christianity which this pretended apostle and sanctified

It is next our duty to record and celebrate the labours of Succathus, a Scotsman, to whom is usually given the glory of having converted the Irish, and established among them the Episcopal Church; and also of Columban, an Irish monk and missionary, who diffused the religion among the Gauls and various Teutonic tribes, about the end of the sixth century. It is not easy, at this distance of time, to calculate the precise effect of mere individual exertion in so difficult an enterprise, or to separate what is fabulous in such records from that which may reasonably be received. But the progress of St. Austin is much more intelligible—since he was aided by the immediate support of Pope Gregory, and since one of the earliest among his proselytes was a King.

It appears probable, that at the beginning of the eighth century Christianity had made very little progress in Germany; at least its reception had been confined to provinces immediately bordering on the Roman empire. In 715, Winfrid, a noble Englishman, who was afterwards known by the name of Boniface, undertook the labours of a missionary. His first attempt was fruitless; but presently returning, under the auspices and by the authority of Pope Gregory II., he preached among the Frisians and Hessians with considerable success. In 723 he was consecrated a Bishop, and being joined by many pious Christians, from France as well as England, he established numerous churches throughout the country. His immediate recompense was advancement to the archiepiscopal See of Mayence, and to the Primacy of Germany and Belgium. To posterity he is more generally and more gloriously known as the *Apostle of the Germans*. The additional title of *Saint* was due not only to his zeal, but also to his martyrdom—for, returning in his old age to Frisia, and that he might terminate his labours where he had begun them, he was massacred by the savage inhabitants, together with fifty ecclesiastics who attended him. (A. D. 755.)

To the eighth century we may also refer the introduction of Christianity among the Tartars, the inhabitants of those regions which now constitute the southern Asiatic provinces of the Russian empire. This spiritual conquest was achieved under the auspices of an heretical Bishop, Timotheus the Nestorian, about the year 790. On the other hand, for the chastisement of a corrupt Church and a sinful people, the extensive tracts of central and southern Asia had been already overwhelmed by the fiercest enemies who have ever been raised against the Christian name, the fanatic followers of Mahomet; and to their mention we cannot proceed perhaps with a better augury, than after recording that obscure fact, which planted the banner of Christianity in a Russian province.

During the fourth century of our history we were occupied in observing the destruction of the ancient paganism of Greece and Rome; during the fifth and sixth we marked the success of Christianity in supplanting the rude superstitions of the Celtic invaders of the empire, and subduing those savage aggressors to the law, or at least to the name, of Christ. But the seventh century was marked by the birth of a new and resolute adversary, who began his career with the most stupendous triumphs, who has torn from us the possession of half the world, and who retains his conquests even to this moment. Mahomet was born about the year 575; we are ignorant of the precise period of the nativity of that man who wrought the most extraordinary revolution in the affairs of

ed ruffian taught us, seemed to consist principally in two things, in keeping Easter upon a proper day, and in the slaves to our Sovereign Lord God, the Pope, and to Austin, his deputy and vicegerent. Such were the boasted blessings and benefits which we received from the mission and ministry of this most audacious and insolent monk." This is passionate and unjust abuse. St. Austin was indeed the missionary of a Pope—but his conversion of the mass of the inhabitants of this island was perfectly independent of his endeavours; as he gave over to the Church of Rome the few and obscure schismatics of Wales; and let us recollect that his exertions, in both cases, were directed only to *persuade*. The evidence respecting the massacre of the twelve hundred monks of Bangor is very fairly stated by Fuller; and it seems upon the whole probable, that the event took place after the death of St. Austin. But at any rate the crime was committed in the heat of battle, apparently without design or premeditation; so that it is absurd to charge it upon a person, who, even if he was living, was certainly not present at the scene.

\* Fleury (l. xxxviii., sect. lviii.) mentions three monasteries as having been founded at Tourney and Ghent about the middle of the seventh century.  
† We are not to confound this missionary with St. Wilfrid, another Englishman, who also gained some reputation both in France and at Rome, from about 660 to 710. The vast quantity of relics which he brought home from his first expedition to the continent is mentioned by Fleury, liv. xxx., sect. xxxv.

‡ Mosheim, Cent. viii., p. i., c. i. Milner takes great pains to exculpate Boniface from the various charges of violence, avarice, fraud, &c., which Mosheim very liberally heaps upon him, and to prove him, from his own correspondence, to have been a mere pious, unambitious missionary. There is some reason in the defence; and Mosheim may very probably have been prejudiced against Boniface by that absolute devotion to the Holy See which he professed, and by which he profited. See also Fleury, ed. of liv. xii., &c.

§ That country was for some years the scene of the successive exertions of St. Wilfrid, St. Vulfran, St. Villebrod, and lastly St. Boniface. It was the second of those missionaries whose injudicious answer to Radbod, the King of the Friselanders, retarded the progress of the new religion. That Prince was standing at the baptismal font, prepared for the ceremony—only one point remained, respecting which his curiosity was still unsatisfied—"Tell me," said he to the Holy Bishop, "where is now the greater number of the Kings and Princes of the nation of the Friselanders—are they in the Paradise which you promise me, or in the Hell with which you menace me?" "Do not deceive yourself," replied St. Vulfran; "the Princes, your predecessors, who have died without baptism, are most assuredly damned; but whosoever shall believe hence forward, and be baptized, shall be in joy eternal with Christ Jesus. Upon this Radbod withdrew his foot from the font and said—"I cannot resolve to relinquish the society of the Kings my predecessors, in order to live with a few poor people in the kingdom of heaven. I cannot believe these novelties, and I will rather adhere to the ancient usages of my nation." It was not until after the death of this Prince that St. Boniface gained any footing in the country. Fleury, l. xlix., &c.

this globe, which the agency of any being merely human has ever yet accomplished. His pretended mission did not commence till he was about forty years old, and the date of his celebrated flight from Mecca, the Hedjrah, or era of Mahometan nations, is 622, A. D. The remainder of his life was spent in establishing his religion and his authority in his native land, Arabia; and the sword with which he finally completed that purpose, he bequeathed for the universal propagation of both, to his followers. His commission was zealously executed; and in less than a century after his death, his faith was uninterruptedly extended by a chain of nations from India to the Atlantic.

The fate of Persia was decided by the battle of Cadesia, in 636. In Syria, Damascus had already fallen, and after the sanguinary conflict of Yermuk, where the Saracens for the first time encountered and overthrew a Christian army, the conquerors instantly proceeded to the reduction of Jerusalem; that grand religious triumph they obtained in 637. In the year following Aleppo and Antich fell into their hands, which completed the conquests of Syria. Thence they proceeded northward as far as the shores of the Euxine and the neighborhood of Constantinople.

The invasion of Egypt took place in 638, and within the space of three years, the whole of that populous province was in the possession of the infidels. Alexandria was the last city which fell; and in somewhat more than a century after the expulsion of philosophy from Europe by a Christian legislator, the schools of Africa were closed in their turn by the arms of an unlettered Mahometan.

The success of the Saracens was not inconsiderably promoted by the religious dissensions of their Christian adversaries. A vast number of heretics who had been oppressed and stigmatized by Edicts and Councils, were scattered over the surface of Asia; and these were contented to receive a foreign master, of whose principles they were still ignorant, in the place of a tyrant whose injustice they had experienced.

But in Egypt, especially, the whole mass of the native population was unfortunately involved in the Jacobite heresy; and few at that time were found, except the resident Greeks, who adhered to the doctrine of the Church. The followers of Eutyches formed an immediate alliance with the soldiers of Mahomet against a Catholic Prince; and they considered that there was nothing unnatural in that act, since they hoped to secure for themselves, under a Mahometan, the toleration which had been refused by an orthodox government. We should remark, however, that this hope, the pretext of their desertion, was with many the suggestion of their malice; that besides the recollection of wrongs, and the desire to escape or revenge them, they were inflamed as fanatical spirits, who are commonly excited, and keenly where the differences are most trifling; and which, while it exaggerated the lines that separated them from their fellow Christians, blinded them to the broad gulph which divided all alike from the infidel.

From Egypt the conquerors rushed along the northern shore of Africa; and though their progress in that direction was interrupted by the domestic dissensions of the Prophet's family, even more than by the occasional vigour of the Christians, they were in possession of Carthage before the end of the seventh century. Thence they proceeded westward, and after encountering some opposition from the native Moors, little either from the Greek or Vandal masters of the country, they completed their conquest in the year 749.

Hitherto the Mahometans had gained no footing in Europe; and it may seem strange that the most western of its provinces should have been that which was first exposed to their occupation. But the vicinity of Spain to their latest conquests, and the factious dissensions of its nobility, gave them an early opportunity to attempt the subjugation of that country. Their success was almost unusually rapid. In 711 they overthrew the Gothic monarchy by the victory of Xeres; and the two following years were sufficient to secure their dominion over the greatest part of the peninsula.

The waters of this torrent were destined to proceed still a little farther. Ten years after the battle of Xeres, the Saracens crossed the Pyrenees and overran with little opposition the south-western provinces of France—the vineyards of Gascony and the city of Bordeaux were possessed by the Sovereign of Damascus and Samarcand; and the south of France, from the mouth of the Garonne to that of the Rhodanus, assumed the manners and religion of Arabia. Still dissatisfied with those ample limits, or impatient of any limit, these children of the desert again marched forward into the centre of the kingdom. They were encamped between Tours and Poitiers, when Charles Martel, the Mayor or Duke of the Franks encountered them. It is too much to assert that the fate of Christianity depended upon the result of the battle which followed; but if victory had declared for the Saracens, it would probably have secured to them in France the same extent, perhaps the same duration, of authority which they possessed in Spain. Next they would have carried the horrors of war and Islamism into Germany or Britain; but there other fields must have been fought against nations of warriors as brave as the Franks, by an invader who was becoming less powerful, and even less enterprising, as he advanced farther from the head of his resources and his faith. Indeed, if we had space to speculate more deeply on the probabilities of this question, we should rather be led to consider, this effort against France as the last wave of the deluge now exhausted, and about to recede within more reasonable boundaries.

\* Gibbon, has not composed a more eloquent, or a less philosophical chapter, than his fifth. As if he were blinded by the splendour of the Mahometan conquests, he overlooks, not only the misery occasioned by them, but their fatal influence on the progressive and permanent improvement of man. History is philosophy teaching by example; and the lessons of history are then, indeed, noble and profitable, and then, only when philosophy casts away her pride and her pedantry, and condescends to descend into philanthropy.

The final struggle of the Saracens was scarcely worthy of their former triumphs. During six days of desultory combat, the horsemen and archers of the East maintained indeed an indecisive advantage; but in the closer onset of the seventh day, the Germans, more eminently powerful in limb, and strong in heart as well as hand, instantly extinguished the Arabs chief of the Saracens fell in the conflict; the survivors fled to their encampment, and after a night passed in the dissension usual to the vanquished, they dispersed, and evacuated the country. This battle was fought in the year 732; the advantages were slowly but resolutely pursued by the conqueror, and presently ended in the final expulsion of the invader from the soil of France.

In less than one century from the preaching of Mahomet, his disciples had obtained military possession of Persia, Syria, and the greater part of central and western Asia, of Egypt, and the long extent of the northern coast of Africa; and lastly of the kingdom of Spain. The propagation of their religion furnished to all the pretext, and to many the sincere motive, of aggression; and as the most violent means were not forbidden by their law, and as religious wars are seldom distinguished by mildness and humanity, we may believe that many revolting cruelties were occasionally perpetrated by them. However upon the whole they found it more politic to tolerate than to exterminate; with the heretics of the East they formed early and friendly relations through a common enemy; and in Africa and Spain they generally proffered the alternative of the Koran or tribute; so that Christianity was not immediately extirpated from any of the conquered countries, and even at this moment it continues to linger, however degraded by adversity and oppression, in almost all of them. The country in which it suffered the most immediate and perfect prostration was the northern coast of Africa; and those two fruitful nurseries of religion and religious men, Alexandria and Carthage, which fill so eminent a station in the early Catholic Church—names which are so closely associated with all the various fortunes of rising Christianity, with its most honorable and holy triumphs, with its afflictions and reverses, with the zeal, the genius, and the eloquence of its professors, with their dissensions and intolerance—those two powerful Churches were from that time forward obliterated from history. It is true, indeed, that the former still preserved a title, but it was without power; and a dignity, but it was without independence; she lost her learning and her industry, and all her excellence and energy departed with them. But at Carthage the actual extinction of Christianity very speedily followed the success of the Mahometans, and the labors of Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactantius, and excreta, it must be very much more not rather forgotten, by a faithless and blaspheming posterity.

The victory of Charles Martel was soon followed by the re-establishment of a more effective government in France; and precisely forty years after the battle of Tours, we find Charlemagne engaged in a sanguinary war against the Saxons, for the purpose of converting them to the Christian religion. It seemed, indeed, as if that zealous Prince was for a season possessed by the spirit of the Arabian, and that he imitated the fury of his armed apostles; and as if Christianity had not already sufficiently suffered by adopting the vices of other systems, he dragged into its service the most savage principle of Islamism. After eight years of resistance and misfortune, the Saxons were compelled to take refuge in the profession of the Gospel; and the Huns of Pannonia were soon afterwards driven by the same victorious compulsion to the same necessity.

When we behold the limits of Christendom extended by the writings of its ministers, or the eloquence of its missionaries, we record such conquests with pure and grateful satisfaction; when we observe a mass of Pagans, or other unbelievers, suddenly, but peacefully, melting into the bosom of the Church, we question their motives, we lament the stain which they may bring with them, and we venture any unworthy compromise which has been made to conciliate them; yet we are consoled to reflect that no immediate misery has been occasioned by a change which is pregnant at least with future improvement. But when we see the sword employed to propagate a religion of which the very essence is peace, we are at once disgusted and revolted by the cruel and impious mockery.

## A PRECIOUS THOUGHT.

What can be so consoling to the heart of feeble man, as the thought that his Maker cares for him, and will save him from the cruel tyranny of his sins! Hours of despondency and gloom often cast their shadows over the Christian's mind; but when the sweet impression revisits his soul that his dear Redeemer cares for him; it is sunshine with his heart again. What pen can reveal the preciousness of the thoughts of Almighty love that steal into the soul with all their balmy fragrance! In the silent hours of night, when creation slumbers around, one Christian on his bed whose soul is throbbing under the inexpressible joys of heavenly love, feels more happiness than all created worlds can bestow. He lies on a bed of spices. Images of beauty and glory cluster thickly into his entranced soul. His thoughts respond to the promptings of the celestial ones, who for aught we know may be waving their dewy wings around his pillow.

\* Gibbon, c. lii. Roderic Toletan. c. xiv. Gens Austræ membris præ-eminetia valida, et gens Germana corde et corpore præstantissima, quasi in ietu oculi munda ferrea et pectore arduo Arabes extinxerunt.  
† The Mahometans drew a broad distinction between those infidels who had a Book of faith, and those who had none. Among the former they placed the disciples of Zoroaster, and therefore showed them great mercy—but they had no compassion on the Pagans.

‡ Charlemagne was occasionally troubled by the contumacy of his converts, even to the end of his reign; and in the civil wars among his grandsons, we find Lothaire proclaiming *liberty of conscience* to the Saxons of the succeeding generation (in 841). Many of them eagerly cast away the mask of Christianity, and flew to his standard. Compulsion has filled the world with hypocrites, but it has never made a true convert to any faith or any form of faith. See Millet's Hist. France.

Oh! one hour spent thus is "worth a whole eternity of bondage" to the pleasures of sense! Memoirs will go back with undefinable sweetness to such immortal desire. To believe that the pure unchangeable, and omnipotent heart of our Almighty Saviour thinks kindly of us, and that the promptings of his Spirit apply to us, notwithstanding our sins and our wretchedness, some precious promise of his word, this is worth living for. For this may we gladly suffer and toil on through the trials of poverty and mental anxiety and struggle. Be blessedness like this ours. Be this precious thought our inheritance here—an earnest and perpetual sunshine of the soul which cheers the inhabitants of the upper world.—*N. Y. Weekly Messenger.*

Many people may have read about a something called "The Sailor's snug Harbor." The reader has below a description of the whole concern; and who does not see in it very much to gladden the heart in view of the peaceful retreat for the weather-beaten and worn out sailor.

From the Sailor's Magazine for Sept.

**SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOR.**  
This building erected for the reception of "aged and worn-out infirm seamen," is the centre of the contemplated edifice; it is 65 feet by 100, three stories high including the basement, has a handsome marble front, with eight pillars or columns, containing thirty-four rooms including those for washing and cooking; those intended for sleeping apartments are large and airy, furnished with every thing necessary for convenience and comfort. The building is of the best materials, and the work done in the most faithful manner. On entering this Harbor from either of the four points of the compass, you find yourself in a large spacious hall, open from the first floor to the dome, surrounded on the first and second stories with the sleeping rooms enumerated above; this area is encircled on the second floor by a balustrade, making an airy promenade around the whole interior of the building. This hall is intended to be used as a chapel.

There is attached to this establishment 147 acres of excellent productive land, most of it under a high state of cultivation, together with a fine large vegetable garden; also, an inexhaustible supply of excellent spring water brought from the rear of the farm to the kitchen of the building, by means of iron pipes. The location is very pleasant, situated on rising ground about thirty feet above the level of the river, having a commanding view of the bay, the city of New York and the surrounding country. It is distant from the quarantine hospital about two miles in a North Western direction. A steam boat stops at the wharf three times a day, and affords every facility for and egress, and ingress, and every other facility for the mariner whose timbers begin to feel the effects of the calms and tempests of his past life, and need to be housed to keep them together, and to refit his bark for the haven of eternal rest promised to those who love and serve the Captain of their salvation with faithfulness unto the end. God grant that this harbor may be made the strait through which many a sailor may enter the port of everlasting happiness, where all tears shall be wiped away, and where the weary are at rest, and none shall molest or make them afraid.

It will probably be recollected, that the late Robert Richard Randall, the founder of the institution, directed the asylum to be erected on the ground commonly known as the Sailor's Snug Harbor, at the upper end of Broadway; but the Trustees, after freeing the property from the vexatious and expensive law-suit in which it was involved, taking into serious consideration that a building so situated, would not only injure the value of the land connected with it, but that its inmates would be exposed to many temptations, resolved to apply to the Legislature for permission to change the location, which was readily granted.

This interesting institution was opened on Thursday, the first instant, with appropriate religious services, in the presence of the Trustees, the Reverend Clergy of Staten Island, and a number of persons residing in the neighborhood. The centre building of the contemplated edifice is completed, and will accommodate about two hundred beneficiaries with comfort and convenience; but at present the number is limited to fifty, for which the actual income will amply provide, though it is confidently expected that it will increase commensurate with the suitable subjects to be supported. The exercises in the large hall commenced at noon, with prayer by Mr. Van Pelt of Staten Island, an address to the sailors by Dr. Phillips of this city, ex-officio one of the Trustees of the institution, and were concluded by prayer from the Rev. Mr. Miller, pastor of the church at the quarantine ground. The inmates of the establishment afterwards sat down to their first dinner in the great dining hall; and as long as they conform to the wholesome rules adopted by the Trustees, they will be here provided with every thing necessary for their comfort and happiness.

**Ardent Spirit at Liberia.**—A correspondent, a decided friend of the colony, writes to us as follows:

It was with deep regret that I learned the fact through your columns, that the practice of selling ardent spirits to the natives is generally practiced by the colonists of Liberia. Can nothing be done to arrest so great an evil, now in the infancy of the colony, before the practice takes too firm a hold? I greatly fear it may defeat the whole purpose of the benevolent plan in establishing the colony. Are all who have so liberally contributed towards this object, aware of the fact? If they were, I would suppose measures in their wisdom would be devised and carried into effect to arrest this evil, which, if we may judge from its effects elsewhere, is calculated to sap the very foundation of political and individual happiness in Africa. Perhaps I may be too warm on this subject in consequence of viewing the destructive effects of election treats in this part of North Carolina.—*Southern Religious Telegraph.*







July 20. 27



## POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for August.

WOOD-WALK AND HYMN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Move along with shades  
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand  
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

WOODSWORTH.

FATHER—CHILD.

Child. There are the aspens with their silvery leaves  
Trembling, forever trembling; though the lime  
And chestnut boughs, and those long arching sprays  
Of elegant, hang still, as if the wood  
Were all one picture!

Father. Hast thou heard, my boy,  
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?  
Child. No, father; doth he say the fairies dance  
Amidst the branches?

Father. Oh! a cause more deep,  
More solemn, far, the rustic doth assign,  
To the strange restlessness of those woe leaves!  
The cross, he deems, the blessed cross, whereon  
The meek Redeemer bowed his head to death,  
Was framed of aspen wood; and since that hour,  
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down  
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,  
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze  
Disturbs the very thistle down, or shakes  
The light lines of the shining gossamer.

Child. (after a pause.) Dost thou believe it father?  
Father. Nay, my child,  
We walk in clearer light. But yet, even now,  
With something of a lingering love I read  
The characters by that mysterious hour,  
Stamp'd on the reverential soul of man  
In visionary days; and thence thrown back  
On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign  
Of the great sacrifice which won us Heaven,  
The Woodman and the Mountaineer can trace  
On rock, on herb and flower. And be it so!  
They do not wisely, that, with hurried hand,  
Would pluck these salutary fancies forth  
From their strong soil within the Peasant's breast,  
And scatter them—far, far too fast! away  
As worthless weeds.—Oh! little do we know  
When they have soothed, when saved!

But come, dear boy!  
My words grow tinged with thought too deep for thee.  
Come, let us search for violets.

Child. Know you not  
More of the legends which the Woodmen tell  
Amidst the trees and flowers?

Father. Wilt thou know more?  
Bring then the folding leaf, with dark brown stains,  
There—by the mossy roots of yon old beech,  
Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—see! thou dost not  
Just bending o'er it, with a wild bee's weight.

Child. The Arum leaf?  
Father. Yes, these deep inwrought marks,  
The villager will tell thee—(and with voice  
Lower'd in his true heart's reverent earnestness)—  
Are the flower's portion from the atoning blood  
On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew;  
And in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,  
Catching from that dread shower of agony  
A few mysterious drops transmitted thus  
Upon the groves and hills, their sealing stains,  
A heritage, for storm or vernal wind  
Never to wait away!

And hast thou seen  
The Passion flower?—It grows not in the woods,  
But 'midst the bright things brought from other climes.  
Child. What, the pale star-shaped flower, with  
purple streaks

And light green tendrils?  
Father. Then hast thou mark'd it well.  
Yes, a pale, starry, creamy—no mark'd it well.  
As from a land of spirits!—To mine eye  
Those faint van petals—colorless—and yet  
Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic lines  
(As letters of some wizard language gone)  
Into their vapor-like transparency wrought,  
Bear something of a strange solemnity,  
Awfully lovely!—and the Christian's thought  
Loves in their cloudy pencilling, to find  
Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal pang,  
Set by God's hand—The coronal of thorns—  
The Cross—the wounds—with other meanings deep,  
Which I will teach thee when we meet again.  
That flower, the chosen for the martyr's wreath,  
The Saviour's holy flower.

But let us pause:  
Now have we reach'd the very inmost heart  
Of the old wood. How the green shadows close  
Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,  
A luxury of gloom! Scarce doth one ray,  
Even when a soft wind parts the foliage, steal  
O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep arcades;  
Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellowed hue  
Of glow-worm-colored light.

Here, in the days  
Of Pagan vision, would have been a place  
For worship of the wood-nymphs! Through these  
oaks

A small, fair gleaming temple might have thrown  
The quivering image of its Dorian shafts  
On the stream's bosom; or a sculptured form  
Dryad or fountain goddess of the gloom,  
Have bowed its head o'er that dark chrysal down,  
Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops  
Under bright rain!—but ere, my child, are here  
With God, our God, a Spirit; who requires  
Heart worship, given in spirit and in truth;  
And this high knowledge—deep, rich, vast enough  
To fill and hallow all the solitude,  
Makes consecrated earth where'er we move,  
Without the aid of shrines.

What! dost thou feel  
The solemn, whispering influence of the scene  
Oppressing thy young heart? That thou dost draw  
More closely to my side, and clasp my hand  
Faster in thine? Nay, fear not, gentle child!  
'Tis Love, not Fear, whose vernal breath pervades  
The stillness round. Come, sit beside me here,  
Where brooding violets mantle this green slope  
With dark radiance—and beneath these plumose  
Of wavy fern, look where the cup moss holds  
In its pure crimson goblets, fresh and bright,  
The starry dews of morning. Rest awhile,  
And let me hear once more the woodland verse  
I taught thee late—'twas made for such a scene.

(Child speaks.)

WOOD HYMN.

Broods there some spirit here?  
The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud,  
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,  
The wild wood hyacinth with awe seems bowed;  
And something of a tender cloistral gloom  
Deepens the violet's blooms.

The very light, that streams  
Through the dim arches of foliage round,  
Comes tremulous with emerald tinted gleams,  
As if it knew the place were holy ground;  
And would not startle, with too bright a burst,  
Flowers, all divinely nursed.

Wakes there some spirit here?  
A swift wind fraught with change comes rushing by,  
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,  
Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery!  
Surely some awful influence must pervade  
These depths of trembling shade!

Yes, lightly, softly move!  
There is a Power, a Presence in the woods;  
A viewless Being, that with Life and Love  
Informs the reverential solitudes;  
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—  
Thou, Thou art here, my God.

And if with awe we tread  
The Minister floor, beneath the storied pane,  
And midst the mouldering banners of the dead;

Shall the green voiceless wild seem less thy foe,  
Where Thou alone hast built—where arch and roof  
Are of thy living wood?

The silence and the sound  
In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee;  
The Temple twilight of the gloom profound,  
The dew-cup of the frail anemone,  
The reed by every wandering whisper thrilled—  
All, all with thee are filled!

Oh! purify mine eyes,  
More and yet more, by Love and lowly thought,  
Thy Presence, Holiest One! to recognize,  
In these majestic aisles which Thou hast wrought!  
And 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine ear  
Ever Thy voice to hear!

And sanctify my heart  
To meet the awful sweetness of that tone,  
With no faint thrill, or self-accusing start,  
But a deep joy the heavenly Guest to own;  
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers  
Ere Sin had dimmed the flowers.

Let me not know the change  
O'er Nature thrown by Guilt—the boding sky,  
The hollow leaf sounds ominous and strange,  
The weight wherewith the dark tree shadows lie!  
Father, oh, keep my footsteps pure and free,  
To walk the woods with Thee.

## GUTZLAFF'S JOURNAL.

The following are extracts from the forthcoming Journal of Mr. Gutzlaff:

City of Amoy—Infanticide and Traffic in Females.  
After many delays we finally arrived at Amoy. This place is situated on a very large island, on the left side of a bay, which deeply indents the country, and forms numerous islands. The city is very extensive, and contains at least two hundred thousand inhabitants. All its streets are narrow, the temples numerous, and a few large houses owned by wealthy merchants. Its excellent harbor has made it, from time immemorial, one of the greatest emporiums of the empire, and one of the most important markets of Asia. Vessels can sail up close to the houses, load and unload with the greatest facility, have shelter from all winds, and in entering or leaving the port, experience no danger of getting ashore. The whole adjacent country being sterile, forced the inhabitants to seek some means of subsistence. Endowed with an enterprising spirit, and unwaried in the pursuit of gain, they visited all parts of the Chinese empire, gradually became bold sailors, and settled as merchants all along the coast. Thus they colonized Formosa, which from that period to this, has been their granary; visited and settled in the Indian Archipelago, Cochinchina, and Siam. A population constantly overflowing demanded constant resources for their subsistence, and this they found in colonization. They have promoted all along the coast of China, up to Manchou Tartary. As soon as the colonists amass sufficient money, they return home, which they leave again when all is spent.

This constant emigration of the male part of the people contributes very much to the destruction of domestic happiness. It is a general custom among them to drown a large proportion of the new-born female children. This unnatural crime is so common among them, that it is perpetrated without any feeling, and even distinction whether the child is male or female.

Of great rudeness. Neither the government nor the moral sayings of their sages have put a stop to this nefarious custom. The father has authority over the lives of his children, and disposes of them according to his pleasure. The boys enjoy the greater share of parental affection. Their birth is considered one of the greatest and most fortunate events of a family. They are cherished and indulged to a high degree; and if the father dies, the son assumes a certain authority over his mother. There is also carried on a regular traffic in females. These facts are as revolting to humanity as disgusting to detail. They may serve however, to stimulate the zeal of Christian females to promote the welfare of one of the largest portions of their sex, by giving them the glorious Gospel of our Saviour—that Gospel, which alone restores females to their proper rank in society. It is pleasing to observe that there is now a benevolent association in England for the express purpose of instructing Chinese females at Malacca. If this institution can ever exert any influence upon China in this way, for which we sincerely pray, we are persuaded that the degradation and oppression under which the nation now groans will be much alleviated.

At the beach we were shocked at the spectacle of a pretty new-born babe, which shortly before had been killed. We asked some of the bystanders what it meant. They answered with indifference, "it is only a girl." It is a general custom in this district to drown female infants immediately after their birth. Respectable families seldom take the trouble, as they express themselves, to rear these useless girls. They consider themselves the arbiters of their children's lives, and entitled to take them away when they can foresee that their prolongation would only entail misery. As the numerous emigration of the male population renders it probable that their daughters, if permitted to live, would not be married, they choose this shorter way to rid themselves of the embarrassment of supporting them.

Thus are the pledges of conjugal love, the most precious gift of the Most High, the most important trust confided to men by the Supreme Being, deliberately murdered. Brutes love their young, and cherish and defend them; but man can divest himself of natural affection, and degrade himself far below the brute creation.

From the New York Mirror.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

Palm Sunday—Sistine chapel—entrance of the pope—the choir—the pope on his throne—presenting the palms—procession—Bishop England's lecture—Holy Thursday—frescoes of Michael Angelo—"Creation of Eve"—"Lot intoxicated"—Delphic Sybil—pope washing pilgrims feet—striking resemblance of one to Judas—pope and cardinals waiting upon pilgrims at dinner.

Palm Sunday opens the ceremonies. We drove to the Vatican this morning, at nine, and after waiting a half hour in the crush, kept back, at the point of the spear, by the pope's Swiss guard, I succeeded in getting an entrance into the Sistine chapel. Leaving the ladies of the party behind the grate, I passed two more guards, and obtained a seat among the assembled and bearded dignitaries of the church and State within.

The pope entered, borne in his gilded chair by twelve men, and, at the same moment, the chanting from the Sistine choir commenced with one long, piercing note, by a single voice, producing the most impressive effect. He mounted his throne as high as the altar opposite him, and the cardinals went through their obeisances, one by one, their trains supported by their servants, who knelt on the lower steps behind them.

The palms stood in a tall heap beside the altar. They were beautifully woven in wands of perhaps six feet in length, with a cross at the top. The cardinal nearest the altar mounted first and a palm was handed him. He laid it across the knees of the pope, and, as his holiness signed the cross upon his forehead, and kissed the embroidered cross upon his foot, then kissed the palm, and taking it in his two hands, descended with it to his seat. The other forty or fifty cardinals did the same, until each was provided with a palm. Some twenty other persons, monks of apparent clerical rank of every order, military men, and members of the catholic embassies, followed and took palms. A procession was then formed, the cardinals going first with their palms held before them, and the pope following, in his chair, with a small frame of palm work in his hands, in which was woven the initial of the virgin. They passed out of the Sistine chapel, the choir chanting most delightfully, and, having made a tour around the vestibule, returned in the same order.

The ceremony is intended to represent the entrance of the Saviour into Jerusalem. Bishop England, of Charleston, South Carolina, delivered a lecture at the house of the English cardinal Weld, a day or two ago, explanatory of the ceremonies of the holy week. It was principally an apology for them. He confessed that, to the educated they appeared empty, and even absurd rites, but they were intended not for the refined, but the vulgar, whom it was necessary to instruct and impress through their outward senses. As nearly all these rites, however, take place in the Sistine chapel, which no person is permitted to enter who is not furnished with a ticket, and in full dress, his argument rather fell to the ground.

The ceremonies of Holy Thursday commenced with the mass in the Sistine chapel. Tired of seeing genuflections, and listening to a mumbling of which I could not catch a syllable, I took advantage of my privileged seat, in the ambassadors' box, to lean back and study the celebrated frescoes of Michael Angelo upon the ceiling. A little drapery would do no harm to any of them. They illustrate, mainly, passages of scripture history, but the "creation of Eve," in the centre, is an astonishingly fine representation of a naked man and woman, as large as life; and "Lot intoxicated and exposed before his two daughters," is about as immediate a picture, from its admirable expression as well as its nudity, as could easily be drawn. In one corner there is a most beautiful draped figure of the Delphic Sybil—and I think this bit of heathenism is almost the only very decent part of the pope's most consecrated chapel.

After the mass, the host was carried, with a showy procession, to be deposited among the thousand lamps in the Capella Palatina, and, as soon as it had passed, there was a general rush for the room in which the pope was to wash the feet of the pilgrims.

Thirteen men, dressed in white, with sandals open at the top, and caps of paper covered with white linen, sat on a high bench, just under a beautiful copy of the last supper of Da Vinci, in golden tapestry. It was a small chapel, with the pope's private apartments. Eleven of the pilgrims were as vulgar and brutal looking men as could have been found in the world; but of the two in the centre, one was the personification of wild fanaticism. He was pale, emaciated, and of a singular blackness. His lips were firmly set in an expression of severity. His brows were gathered gloomily over his eyes, and his glaring occasionally sent among the crowd, were, glaring and flashing as a tiger's. With all this, his countenance was lofty, and if I had seen the face on canvas, as a portrait of a martyr, I should have thought it finely expressive of courage and devotion. The man on his left wept, or pretended to weep, continually; but every person in the room was struck with his extraordinary resemblance to Judas, as he is drawn in Shakespeare's picture. At the last supper, it was the same style of hair and beard, to a wonder. It is possible that the night before, when the pope and the twelve pilgrims being intended to represent the twelve apostles, of whom Judas was one—but if accidental, it was the most remarkable coincidence that ever came under my notice. He looked the hypocrite and traitor complete, and his resemblance to the Judas in the picture directly over his head, would have struck a child.

The pope soon entered from his apartments, in a purple robe, with a cap of dark crimson satin, and the mitre of silver-cloth, and, casting the incense into the golden censor, the white smoke was flung from side to side before him, till the delightful odour filled the room. A short service was then chanted, and the choir sang a hymn. His holiness was then unrobed, and a fine napkin, trimmed with lace, was tied about him by the servants, and, with a deacon before him, bearing a splendid pitcher and basin, and a procession behind him, with large bunches of flowers, he crossed to the pilgrims' bench. A priest, in a snow-white tunic, raised and bared the foot of the first. The pope knelt, took water in his hand, and slightly rubbed the instep, and then, drying it well with a napkin, he kissed it.

The assistant-deacon gave a large bunch of flowers and a napkin to the pilgrim, as the pope left him, and another person, in rich garments, followed, with pieces of money presented in a wrapper of white paper. The same ceremony took place with each—one foot only being honored with a lavation. When his holiness arrived at the "Judas," there was a general stir, and every one was on tip-toe to watch his countenance. He took his handkerchief from his eyes, and looked at the pope very earnestly, and when the ceremony was finished, he turned the head and, in printing a kiss upon his hand, with large bunches of flowers, he crossed to the pilgrims' bench. A priest, in a snow-white tunic, raised and bared the foot of the first. The pope knelt, took water in his hand, and slightly rubbed the instep, and then, drying it well with a napkin, he kissed it.

The other pilgrims took it very coolly, comparatively, and one of them seemed rather amused than edified. The pope returned to his throne, and water was poured over his hands. A cardinal gave him a napkin, his splendid cape was put again over his shoulders, and, with a palatino, the ceremony was over.

Half an hour after, with much crowding and several looks of foolish and temper, I had secured a place on the hall where the apostles, as the pilgrims are called after the washing, were to dine, waited on by the pope and cardinals. With their gloomy faces and ghastly white caps and white dresses, they looked more like criminals waiting for execution, than guests at a feast. They stood while the pope went round with a gold pitcher and basin, to wash their hands, and then seating themselves, his holiness, with a good natured smile, gave each a dish of soup, and said something in his ear, which had the effect of putting him at his ease. The table was magnificently set out with the plate and provisions of a prince's table, and spite of the thousands of eyes gazing on them, the pilgrims were soon deep in the delicacies of every dish, even the lachrymose Judas himself eating most voraciously. We left them at their dessert.

me a five-penny-bit's worth of the old man's prayers." This circumstance was soon after related to Mrs. K., who immediately informed me of the fact. The young man was kept in profound ignorance of his having come to my ears, for I intended, if possible, to make him feel the guilt of his disgraceful conduct, at a time when he would least expect an attack.

About six weeks had passed away when circumstances brought the family all together, and the young man was comfortably seated near my side. After the usual preliminaries, we fell on our knees to invoke Heaven's kind benediction. My heart was drawn out towards the young sinner; and I had not proceeded far till my soul was kindled into a holy flame for him. I paused an instant, and then gave vent to my feelings in fervent supplication for his undying soul. "Oh! Lord God," said I, "thou seest this wretched—this astonishingly wicked young man, who wants a five-penny-bit's worth of prayer! Oh! give him enough to convert his soul." He burst into tears and wept aloud. I still continued my prayer. He cried out for mercy. All in the house were melted down. Oh! it was a feeling time! I continued to pray; and the more I prayed, the more feeling there came to me; and when I concluded my prayer there was not a dry eye in the house. But I had no sooner pronounced Amen, than one of the young brethren continued the prayer for the wicked young man. He was followed by another; and thus three had agreed on earth as touching one thing. It was not in vain that we prayed. He who has said, "ask and ye shall receive," did not allow us to go empty away. The young man soon found peace in believing, and is now a member of the Baptist communion in this place.

But this was not all the good produced under God by that family prayer meeting. It was the means of the hopeful conversion of three young men, four young ladies, and one old lady about 50 or 60, all members of the family. Indeed I have never been able to bless God that the good influence is not yet done away. For I can say, I believe, with holy thankfulness, that at this moment all in my employment, who are members of my family, are truly interested in the Lord Jesus Christ, but one young lady. She has not been long with me, and I think she is already converted. I cannot rest in spirit, until I see her "come over on the Lord's side."

Let me say in the conclusion, I have given my own name, that no mind may labor as to the authenticity of what is related. There are now many living witnesses of the truth of this narration. And although some may think there is too much egotism about this hasty sketch, I am confident those who know me, will believe me to be above any desire to exalt self, or to seek human applause. My only desire is to exalt the rich, free, infinite grace of Christ; and show the efficacy of united, fervent, importunate prayer. I have great confidence in believing prayer; and I truly wish that those who are inclined to doubt these speedy answers to particular requests, had a heart to pray a great deal more! Yon's in the best of hearts.

ANTHONY KELTY.  
Fallonfield, Pa. Sept. 5, 1833.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY.  
INCORPORATED for the purpose of Insuring against LOSS and DAMAGE by FIRE only, with capital of 200,000 Dollars, secured and vested in the best possible manner—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other offices.

The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore so detached, that its capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires.

of Treat's Exchange Coffee House, State street, where a constant attendance is given for the accommodation of the public.

DIRECTORS OF THE COMPANY.  
Thomas K. Brace, Joseph Pratt,  
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Joseph Morgan, Daniel Burgess,  
Elisha Dodd, Elisha Peck,  
Jesse Savage.

THOMAS K. BRACE, Presid.  
JAMES M. GOODWIN, Secretary.  
Hartford, June 21.  
June 29.

NOTICE.  
At a Court of Probate holden at Southington, within and for the district of Southington, on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1833.

Present F. W. WILCOX, Esq. Judge.  
ON motion of John Wightman, Esq. administrator on the estate of Harmon Norton, late of said Southington, within said district, deceased. This Court doth authorize and direct said administrator to make sale of so much of the real property of said estate as will raise the sum of seventy-five dollars, with incident charges, either at public or private sale, and in such manner as will least injure the heirs, and make return to this Court to whom sold, and for how much, with an account of the charges of sale, first giving notice of the time and place of the proposed sale in a newspaper printed in Hartford and upon a sign post nearest to said lands.

Certified from Record.  
FRANCIS W. WILCOX, Judge.

PAINTING, GLAZING, & PAPERING.  
THE subscribers have formed a copartnership under the firm of  
D. Brockway & Co.

for the purpose of carrying on the above business, and have taken the shop lately occupied by Miller & Fitch in Lee street. Those in want are invited to call, and they may be assured that no pains shall be spared to please them. The least order will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

DAVID BROCKWAY,  
ERASTUS GRANGER.  
Hartford, Sept. 21, 1833.

DRY GOODS NOTICE.  
THE subscriber respectfully invites the attention of his customers and the public to the most extensive assortment of FALL & WINTER GOODS he has ever offered—now open, and will be shown freely. More than ordinary pains have been taken in their selection, many of them Auction purchases, good bargains. He thinks it unnecessary to enumerate articles, or name prices. His assortment is as extensive and complete, and will be sold as cheap as any other store in the city.

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of CARPETS and FURNITURE GOODS.  
JOHN OLMSTED.  
Sept. 21.

JUST PUBLISHED, AND FOR SALE BY  
F. J. HUNTINGTON,  
THE SEVENTH EDITION OF PETER AND BENJAMIN; being Familiar Dialogues on the subject of Close Communion, by Delta.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER'S ALMANAC, for 1834, by Truman Abel.  
Hartford, Sept. 21, 1833.

J. W. DIMOCK,  
Merchant Tailor.

HAS just returned from New York, with a complete assortment of Goods of almost every quality and texture—Broadcloths from \$2.50 to \$12.00 per yard; Fashionable Striped and Plain Cassimeres, from \$1.25 to \$5.00 per yard; a great variety of Muscades, Valenciennes, Silk, and Figured Velvet Vesting, from \$2.00 to \$4.00 per pattern; Black, Blue, Green, and Brown Goat's Hair and Common Cambrics; fine White Flannel and White Serge for Wappens and Drawers; Rattonets, Circassians, Velvets, Fur Collars, Wrapper Stocks, Hdk's, Cloak Coats—with a general assortment of Trimmings in his line.

All orders executed with promptness, and particular attention paid to Cutting custom.  
177 Fall Fashions received.  
N. B. WANTED immediately, two journeyman that are good workmen. Likewise two vest makers. Sept. 21.

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(NEXT DOOR NORTH B. HUDSON & CO'S AUCTION STORE)  
Is now opening a large and splendid assortment of  
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His assortment of BLACK & COLORED SILKS is uncommonly good, comprising Italian, Pons de Soie, Gros de Swiss, Gros de Berlin, Gros de Naples, Finer, Simples, &c. &c.

OF THREE LACES & EDGINGS, he has a fresh supply, cheap, as usual. Customers are invited to call and examine.  
Sept. 21.

JAMES H. HOLCOMB,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HAS opened an Office eight rods south-east of the Court House, in Fox's Building, first floor, Hartford, Conn., September 23.

## NOTICE.

THE Court of Probate for the District of Suffolk has limited six months from the publication hereof, for the creditors of the Estate of Sherman Sprague, of Suffolk, deceased, (represented insolvent), to exhibit their claims to the subscribers, duly appointed commissioners thereon.

And we hereby give notice that we will attend to receive and examine said claims at the late dwelling of said deceased, on the last Tuesday in December and March next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on each of said days.  
CHRISTOPHER JONES, } Commrs.  
HORACE BIRGE, }  
Sept. 16, 1833.

## NOTICE.

THE Court of Probate for the District of Suffolk has limited six months from the publication hereof, for the creditors of the Estate of Levi Smith, late of Suffolk, deceased, (represented insolvent), to exhibit their claims to the subscribers, duly appointed commissioners thereon.

And we hereby give notice, that we will attend to receive and examine said claims at the late dwelling of said deceased, on the last Tuesday in December and March next, at 9 o'clock, A. M., on each of said days.  
CHRISTOPHER JONES, } Commrs.  
NATHAN GERE, }  
Sept. 21, 1833.

HILL'S ACADEMY,  
Essex, Conn.

THE Fall Term of this Institution will commence on the first day of October next. Mr. Stanton Bates, a recent graduate of Yale College, is procured as principal. The Trustees feel the most entire confidence in the qualifications of Mr. Bates as a teacher, and believe he will use his utmost endeavors to give satisfaction to parents and guardians who shall place their children and wards under his care. Instruction will be given in all those branches of learning usually taught in our academies and higher schools.

Tuition for the Fall and Winter quarters, for the common English branches, \$3.00 per quarter. For the Latin and Greek Languages, and the higher branches of Mathematics, \$4.50.  
Board can be obtained in the immediate vicinity, at \$1.50 per week.

JOSEPH H. HAYDEN, Secy.  
Essex, Sept. 12th 1833.

## F. J. HUNTINGTON.

The Mother at Home, 2d edition, by J. S. C. Abbott. Self Discipline, by Henry F. Burder, D. D. First and last London edition.

Is it well? By G. T. Bedell, D. D. Mary of Burgundy, or the Heart of Ghent, by the author of "Philip Augustus."—Henry Martineau's "The Bible Companion, designed for Bible Societies, families, and young students of the Scriptures; illustrated with maps and engravings, from the last London edition.

Journal of two Voyages along the coast of China, 1831 & 32—the first in a Chinese Junk; the second in the British ship Lord Anson—with notices of Siam, Corea, and the Loo Choo Islands, and remarks on the Policy, Religion, &c. of China. By Charles Gutzlaff.

Evidences of Christianity, by Thomas Chalmers, D. D. To which is added, remarks on the nature of Testimony, and on the argument derived from the commemorative rites of the Christian religion. By John Abercrombie, M. D. F. R. S.

FOR SALE AS ABOVE.  
A general and very complete assortment of School and Miscellaneous Books, Merchants and Teachers supplied with the necessary article for the use of winter schools, on the most reasonable and accommodating terms.

RECENTLY RECEIVED.  
The complete works of the Rev. Robert Hall, 3 vols. 8vo; the complete works of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, 2 vols. 8vo; Calmeil's, Brown's, and Malcom's Bible Dictionary; Wm. Wells' Watts' Psalms and Hymns, with the additional hymns—various sizes and bindings; Henry's, Scott's, and Clark's Commentaries on the Bible; Family Bibles, &c. &c. all at the lowest prices.

## PRINTING INK.

We, the undersigned, Printers and Publishers of the city of Philadelphia, having used for some time back the Ink manufactured by Johnson & Durand, have no hesitation in saying that we consider it equal to any superior to any now in use or manufactured in the States, in point of color and cleanness of impression.

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The subscriber keeps constantly for sale, at Philadelphia, the Manufacture of Johnson & Durand, at Philadelphia, prices, which he warrants of good quality. It is in full satisfaction to those who have used it in the city. A liberal discount will be made for cash.  
June 29, 1833. P. CANFIELD.

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